

EXEC. PRODUCER: Donald P. Bellisario      PROD. #67324  
CO-EXEC. PRODUCERS: Deborah Pratt      February 18, 1992 (F.R.)  
Michael Zinberg      Rev. 2/19/92 (F.R.)  
SUPV. PRODUCER: Harker Wade  
PRODUCERS: Paul Brown  
Jeff Gourson  
Chris Ruppenthal  
Tommy Thompson

QUANTUM LEAP

IT'S A WONDERFUL LEAP

MAY 10, 1958

Participating Writers

Paul Brown

Danielle Alexandra

- NOTICE -

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF BELISARIUS PRODUCTIONS AND UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. AND IS INTENDED AND RESTRICTED SOLELY FOR STUDIO USE BY STUDIO PERSONNEL. DISTRIBUTION OR DISCLOSURE OF THE MATERIAL TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS IS PROHIBITED. THE SALE, COPYING OR REPRODUCTION OF THIS MATERIAL IN ANY FORM IS ALSO PROHIBITED.

#67324

(X)

QUANTUM LEAP

IT'S A WONDERFUL LEAP

CAST

SAM BECKETT/MAX GREENMAN  
AL/THE OBSERVER

ANGELA JIMINEZ  
ELIZABETH KATZ  
LENNY GREENMAN  
TONY  
MOE  
LUCKY  
FRANK O'CONNOR, JR.  
MUGGER  
SGT. McCANN  
MAX GREENMAN

EXTRAS

TAXI FARES  
GARAGE CABBIES  
SHARPSHOOTER  
NY POLICE OFFICERS

SETS

INTERIORS:

O'CONNOR CAB GARAGE  
FRANK'S OFFICE  
GREENMAN APT.  
KITCHEN  
LIVING ROOM  
BEDROOM  
CAB

EXTERIORS:

NY STREET  
ALLEY  
O'CONNOR CAB CO.  
CAB

VEHICLES:

'56 CHECKER TAXI CAB

QUANTUM LEAPIT'S A WONDERFUL LEAPMAY 10, 1958TEASER

FADE IN

- 1 QUANTUM LEAP IN 1
- 2 INT. '56 CHECKER TAXI CAB - DAY - TIGHT ON SAM'S FACE 2
- An electric lightshower fades around a dazed Sam, who finds himself looking out the side window of a moving cab. Sam wears wire-rimmed glasses and a snap-brimmed cap. He focuses out at....
- 3 THE NEW YORK SKYLINE - STOCK 3
- on a cool spring afternoon.
- 4 TIGHT ON SAM'S FACE 4
- He smiles at the view. As he adjusts his glasses, we pull back to reveal Sam driving a cab. Sam glances in the large side mirror.
- 5 MIRROR SHOT - SAM'S POV 5
- Staring back at Sam is the handsome face of Max Greenman (X)  
(twenty-two) an honest, hard-working New York cabbie.
- 6 OMITTED 6 (X)
- 7 RACK FOCUS TO A FIGURE 7 (X)
- darting across the street in front of him. (X)
- 8 BACK ON SAM 8
- He reacts in horror and stomps the brakes. Tires squeal as he skids toward the figure and....bam! His head hits the windshield. (X)

CONTINUED

#67324

2

8 CONTINUED

8

Oh, boy. SAM

SMASH CUT TO MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

9 EXT. CAB - DAY - LOW ANGLE ON DOOR

9

The cab screeches to a stop. Sam's feet are seen wobbling out. He makes his way to the front of the cab. The ground is empty. Tilt up to reveal Sam's frightened, confused face. He rubs his forehead.

SAM'S VOICE OVER

Leaping around in time, I've run  
into many people.

(worried)

But never over one.

Sam leans down and sees a figure lying under the cab.

SAM

Oh, God.

Sam tries to pull the person free. He doesn't budge. Sam groans and pulls harder, almost breaking his back as he pulls the person out from under the cab. Sam reacts in surprise.

10 FEATURE ANGELA

10

Angela (forty-four) a loud but lovable Puerto Rican woman, lies unconscious on the ground. (NOTE: ANGELA IS UNINTENTIONALLY CREATIVE WITH THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. HER DIALOGUE SHOULD BE READ WITH A PUERTO RICAN ACCENT...TRY IT ALOUD IF YOU LIKE!) Angela wears a light grey coat over a white, twenties-style chemise dress and old-fashioned pumps. Sam touches her wrist but doesn't feel a pulse.

SAM

No.

Sam listens to her chest and panics. He makes a fist and pounds her chest. He listens. Nothing. Sam pounds her chest again. As he raises his hand and comes down, Angela's eyes flash open and she catches his wrist. She socks Sam in the jaw, knocking him back on his butt. Angela sits up and speaks with a rapid, New York-Puerto Rican accent.

ANGELA

Ugh. Ay bendito la virgin. Que  
me haces, loco!

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

SAM

Huh?

ANGELA

Esta loco! Crazy man! What are  
you doing to me?!

SAM

(rubs his jaw)

I was...trying to save you.

ANGELA

(rubs her chest)

By running me down and beating me  
up?!!

SAM

I thought your heart stopped. I  
was just trying to get it started  
again.

ANGELA

Why didn't you just back over me  
a couple of times?!

SAM

I'm sorry. I thought you were  
dead.

ANGELA

Dead!

(laughs, glances  
heavenward)

Did you hear that? That's a good  
one!

SAM

I really feel terrible.

ANGELA

You feel terrible. I'm the one  
lying here like a dead dog.

(holds out hand)

Here. Help me up.

Angela tries to stand, but Sam motions her to stay down.

SAM

You shouldn't move.

ANGELA

You shouldn't drive!

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED (2)

10

SAM  
We need to get an ambulance.

ANGELA  
(nods)  
Yeah, for you if you don't let me  
up!

SAM  
Okay, be careful.  
(helps her up)  
Are you okay?

ANGELA  
(sarcastic)  
Sure, I love taking siestas on  
Thirty-fourth Street.

SAM  
It's a miracle you weren't hurt.  
There isn't a scratch on you.

ANGELA  
Except for the skid mark across my  
culo!

Angela dusts herself off. A vain, proud woman, she tries to  
assume her lady-like dignity.

SAM  
I'm really sorry. I didn't see  
you.

ANGELA  
You should've been looking ahead  
and not at yourself.

Sam looks surprised...She's guessed that he was looking in  
the mirror instead of the road.

SAM  
Look, I'm really sorry.

ANGELA  
So am I.  
(to herself)  
It's wasn't supposed to happen  
this way.

SAM  
Happen what way?

ANGELA  
Us meeting.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED (3)

10

SAM  
(a look, then)  
My name's...Max.

ANGELA  
I know.

SAM  
You do?

ANGELA  
I know everything about you.

SAM  
(wary)  
What's your name?

ANGELA  
Angelita Carmen Guadalupe Cecelia  
Jimenez.  
(curtsies)  
But for you...Angela.

SAM  
Thank you.

Sam spots a small, beaded purse near the back tire and picks it up.

SAM  
Here, you dropped this.

(X)

All the contents spill out. Angela throws up her hands again.

ANGELA  
Ugh. Madre de Dios.

SAM  
Sorry.

He and Angela pick up the scattered items...eye liner, rouge and lipstick. Sam glances in the empty purse. She doesn't have any ID, money or keys. She takes the purse away from Sam.

SAM  
All you have is makeup?

ANGELA  
(waving lipstick)  
When a woman has lipstick, what more does she need?

CONTINUED



10 CONTINUED (4)

10

SAM  
To see a doctor.

ANGELA  
But you've seen me. I'm okay.  
And look...I can still  
Charleston! See!  
(dancing a snappy  
little Charleston)  
It's a miracle, no?

SAM  
No. I mean, yes.

She gives Sam an odd, mystical smile. Elizabeth's voice  
crackles over the radio.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE  
Max? Max, are you there?

Sam glances at the cabbie I.D. tag.

10A CLOSE ON I.D.

10A

It reads Max Greenman. Taped on the dash is a 1958  
calender with all the dates checked off until May 10th.

10B BACK TO SAM

10B

He picks up the mike.

SAM  
Hello?

ELIZABETH'S VOICE  
I hope you're coming back.  
Lenny's waiting for you.

SAM  
(clueless)  
...Lenny?

ELIZABETH'S VOICE  
Your father?

SAM  
Oh, that Lenny.

CONTINUED

10B CONTINUED

10B

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

(laughs)

Funny. You better get that cab  
back here for the night shift.  
You know Frank'll disqualify  
anybody from the contest who works  
more than a double shift!

(X)

SAM

Okay.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

Hurry!

SAM

(hangs up mic)

I have to get back to the garage.  
Can I give you a ride?

ANGELA

Okay. Where you going?

SAM

No, I meant wherever you're  
going...like work or home?

ANGELA

I no have.

Sam studies Angela and realizes that she must be homeless.

SAM

Do you have a place to sleep?

ANGELA

(offended)

Excuse me, but you are talking to  
a lady.

She suddenly coughs and picks something off her tongue.

SAM

What is it?

ANGELA

A bug flew in my mouth.

(flicks it)

It's gone now.

This stops Sam for a beat, then he presses on.

SAM

Where do you live?

CONTINUED

10B CONTINUED (2)

10B

ANGELA  
(looks heavenward)  
It's nice outside, and the stars  
make a good shelter.

She gives him a sweet little smile, as we....

CUT TO

11 INT. CAB - DAY - ON SAM - MOVING

11

He looks miserable as he drives down the street. A fan  
suddenly pops him on the head.

12 WE PAN OVER

12

and see Angela sitting like a queen, fanning herself in the  
backseat.

ANGELA  
You're going too fast.

SAM  
You're lucky you're alive.

Angela laughs at this.

SAM  
I'm serious. I thought you were  
dead when I couldn't feel your  
pulse.

ANGELA  
Ah, that's in my family. Mi tio,  
Pepe, had a heart attack and died.  
But just as we were sticking him  
in the ground....  
(knocking)  
...we heard a knock on coffin.

■ ■ ■  
He was alive?

ANGELA  
And hungry! He'd been sleeping  
three days.  
(smiles)  
He said his funeral was the best  
party of his life!

Sam smiles, amused by Angela. His smile freezes seeing  
someone ahead in the road.

13 EXT. STREET - DAY - ON AL 13  
He wears a flashy red suit and red hat. Al waves "hello" (X)  
as Sam approaches.

OBSERVER

Hey, Sam.

14 INT. TAXI - DAY 14  
Sam, gun-shy from the earlier accident, forgets Al is a  
hologram and slams on the brakes. Angela lurches forward  
and yells.

15 EXT. STREET - DAY - ON AL - SFX 15  
The taxi cab skids and stops right through Al, who stands in  
the middle of the hood.

OBSERVER

Geeze, Sam. You don't have to  
brake for holograms.

Al walks into the taxi cab.

16 INT. TAXI CAB - DAY 16  
Sam turns to find Al next to Angela. She rubs her forehead.

ANGELA

Madre de dios. Why you do that  
for?!

SAM

To...test the brakes?

ANGELA

With my head?!! Esta muy loco.

OBSERVER

Sorry, Sam.  
(holds up handlink)  
Ziggy had trouble pinpointing your  
location.

Sam resumes driving. He scans the street signs to get his  
bearings.

OBSERVER/ANGELA

(together)  
You lost?

Al gives her a look. Sam rubs his forehead and acts dazed.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

SAM  
I'm sorry, but I can't seem to  
remember the address right now.

OBSERVER  
Check the glove box.

ANGELA  
Look in the ashtray.

OBSERVER  
Don't listen to her. They always  
keep business cards in the  
glovebox.

Sam looks in the glovebox but doesn't see a business card.

ANGELA  
No, the ashtray.

Sam digs in the ashtray and pulls out a stack of business  
cards.

SAM  
Here we go.

ANGELA  
See, you should listen to Angela,  
no?

OBSERVER  
(annoyed)  
No!

SAM  
(reads card)  
O'Connor Cab Company. Fifty-seven  
West Forty-fourth Street.

OBSERVER  
(reads handlink)  
Oh, that street's up on the....

(X)

ANGELA  
(to Sam)  
Right.

OBSERVER  
(annoyed)  
No, left. I'm sure of it.

As Sam slows to turn left, Angela points to the right. Sam  
sees that she's right and cuts Al a look.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED (2)

16

ANGELA

There it is. Right down that alley.

Al, embarrassed, smacks the handlink and gives Angela the evil eye. Sam turns the car right and wa....

CUT TO

17 OMITTED

17

17A INT. O'CONNOR CAB GARAGE - OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON MONEY

17A

As it's counted on a rickety card table. We see cabbie trip sheets, cigarettes and coffee cups ~~on the table~~.

TONY'S VOICE

...twenty-seven, twenty-eight,  
twenty-nine....  
(lays down a ten)  
...thirty-nine....

A hand suddenly reaches in and snatches up the ten dollar bill.

TONY'S VOICE

Hey!

We tilt up to reveal the Tony (thirty-eight), a nervous little cabbie with an anxious laugh. He looks upset at the man holding his ten, Lenny Greenman (sixty-two), a retired cabbie wearing a golfer's cap. Next to him sits Messy Haired Moe (forty) who's greased hair is combed over his transparently bald head. Lucky (fifty-five), a tall, burly cabbie laughs at Tony.

TONY

That's mine.

LENNY

What, you forgot the Yankees game two weeks back?

LUCKY

'Course he forgot. He lost.

MOE

He always forgets.

CONTINUED

17A CONTINUED

17A

TONY

No I don't.  
(beat, to Lenny)  
But I'm sure I didn't take the  
Socks.

LENNY

Wanna bet?

TONY

(waves him off)  
Aww, keep it.

LENNY

(laughs)  
Don't worry, I was plannin' on it.

All the cabbies laugh.

FRANK'S VOICE

What are you still doing here,  
Lenny?

18 ON DISPATCH CAGE - FRANK O'CONNOR, JR.

18

A heavy-set man in his late thirties, Frank is the owner of the company. Behind him we see a pretty girl, Elizabeth Katz (twenty-one) wearing a headset and working the dispatch radio. Frank looks at Lenny, who crosses to the couch.

LENNY

Waiting for Max.

FRANK

(to Elizabeth)  
He's not back yet?

ELIZABETH

He should be here any minute.

FRANK

(checks watch)  
He better be, 'cause there's no  
triple shifts. He's gonna get  
himself disqualified from the  
contest.

LENNY

No, he's gonna win it! He only  
needs fifty bucks to go over the  
fifteen thousand dollar mark by  
tomorrow. Then that medallion's  
his! He'll be a free man.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

FRANK

(laughs)  
It'll be worth it if it means  
seeing you go, too!

LENNY

Laugh now, Frank. Tomorrow's  
Max's big day.

FRANK

Yeah, yeah. Big talker.  
(totals trip sheet,  
pissed)  
Hey, Tony!

Frank, angered, waves a finger, gesturing Tony to follow  
him into his office. Tony sheepishly follows.

LUCKY

He's gonna get fired....

Again!

LENNY

(proudly)  
There he is!

19 ANGLE ON SAM'S TAXI

19

as it cruises into the garage, it wipes past and reveals Al.  
Sam parks and gets out of the cab.

OBSERVER

Get your trip sheet, Sam.  
(off his look)  
That clipboard right there. It's  
got all your fares for the day.

Sam reaches in and takes out a clipboard listing all the  
fares.

ANGELA'S VOICE

Well?

20 FEATURE ANGELA

20

She waits like a lady for Sam to open the door.

ANGELA

Aren't you going to open the door?



## 21      FEATURE CARD TABLE      21

All the cabbies look over and watch expectantly.

                 LENNY      (X)  
Who the hell's Max got in there?

                 MOE  
Queen Elizabeth in town?

                 LUCKY      (X)  
Maybe it's the Pope?

## 22      BACK ON CAB      22

Sam opens the door. A hand emerges waiting for Sam to take it. Al rolls his eyes as Sam reaches out his hand. Angela takes it and comes out of the cab. Angela, Sam and Al enter. Lenny approaches them.      (X)

                 LENNY      (X)  
                 (to Sam)  
Hey, kid. How'd you make out today?

                 OBSERVER  
                 (reads handlink)  
That's your...Max's father...Lenny.

                 SAM  
Hi...Dad.

                 LENNY  
                 (laughs)  
Dad? Since when did you get so formal?

                 OBSERVER  
'Pop' was still big in '58.

                 SAM  
Hiya, Pop.  
                 (to Lenny)  
This is Angela. And Angela, this is my dad...pop...Lenny.

Angela holds out her hand. Lenny removes his cap and does and little bow.

                 ANGELA  
Chivalry is no dead.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

OBSERVER  
(gestures off)  
Sam, we've gotta talk in the wings.

LENNY  
(anxious)  
So, how much you make?

(X)

OBSERVER  
Tell 'em you've gotta total your trip sheet.

(X)

SAM  
I'll go total my trip sheet and find out.

(X)

ANGELA  
Okay. Me and Lenny will be mingling.

23 MOVING WITH SAM AND AL

23

They walk out of the office, cross the alley and stop near a broken-down taxi in the garage across the way. Sam starts totaling Max's earnings for the day.

OBSERVER  
(reads handlink)  
Let's see, Sam. You're....

SAM  
C'mon, Al. Let's skip all that. I already know I'm a New York cabbie named Max Greenman.

(X)

OBSERVER  
Right. And it's....

March 10, 1958.

OBSERVER  
(annoyed)  
Well, you sound like you don't need me. I'll bet you even know why you're here.

SAM  
Yeah.  
(nods toward Angela)  
For her.

23A ANGLE ON ANGELA 23A (X)  
She chats with Lenny across the way. (X)

23B BACK TO SCENE 23B (X)  
Al looks at Angela and frowns. (X)

OBSERVER  
What?! Sam, that's Carmen Miranda  
without the banana hat!

SAM  
I'm sure of it. That's why I ran  
over her today.

OBSERVER  
Over? As in your cab?!

SAM  
It was an accident.

OBSERVER  
(sarcastic)  
I assumed you didn't do it on  
purpose.  
(still annoyed)  
Although, with her attitude....

SAM  
Al!

OBSERVER  
Hey, you never know. She could've  
jumped in front of you on purpose.  
People make millions faking  
accidents.

SAM  
She's homeless. I need you to run  
a check on an Angela....  
(vaguely)  
...Carmen...Guadalupe...Cecelia  
Jimenez!

OBSERVER  
(sarcastic)  
Whoa, I don't know, Sam. There  
could be a lot of those in the  
book.

Sam fires him a look.

CONTINUED

23B CONTINUED

23B

OBSERVER

Okay. Okay.  
(punches handlink,  
waits)  
Sorry. Ziggy's got nada.

I must be here to help her find a  
shelter or home.

OBSERVER

It's fifty-eight, Sam. Homeless  
people are still considered 'bums'  
and 'vagrants.' For a woman on the  
streets like her, the only  
permanent housing they've got are  
jails and mental institutions.

ANGELA'S VOICE

(insulted)  
You no should be temped to listen  
to that devil!

Angela approaches Sam and Al.

ANGELA

He no know what he's talking  
about.

SAM

Which...devil?

ANGELA

(points at Al)  
The one in that horrible, red  
suit.

Sam and Al exchange shocked looks, as we....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

24 INT. TAXI GARAGE - DAY

24

Sam and Al marvel at Angela.

SAM  
You can see him?

ANGELA  
He's hard to miss in that monkey  
suit.

OBSERVER  
Hey!

SAM  
I don't believe it.

ANGELA  
(re: Al's jacket)  
Neither can I.

OBSERVER  
Listen, Charo. You aren't exactly  
decked out for the cover of Vogue.

ANGELA  
No? This dress was the craziest  
in my day.

OBSERVER  
Well it looks even crazier now.  
(makes "crazy" sign  
to Sam)  
Which is the reason she can see  
me.

SAM  
You've been able to see him the  
whole time?

ANGELA  
Yes.

SAM  
Why didn't you say something?

ANGELA  
I thought if I ignored him, he'd  
go away.

CONTINUED

OBSERVER

(annoyed)

Sam, this...this...this 'flapper'  
is getting on my nerves.

ANGELA

And you give me the  
'jeeby-beebies.'

SAM

It's 'heeby-jeebies.'

ANGELA

What?

SAM

It's he 'gives me the  
heeby-jeebies.'

ANGELA

(smiles)

You, too?!

(to Al)

See, you make both of us sick!

SAM

This is incredible.

OBSERVER

No, it's not. You know that small  
kids, animals and....

(makes "coo-koo"

whistle)

...can see me.

ANGELA

Don't forget Angels.

This throws Sam and Al for a beat. Sam tries to keep a  
straight face. Al doesn't.

SAM

You're...an angel?

ANGELA

Si.

OBSERVER

What?!

ANGELA

I'm an angel.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED (2)

24

OBSERVER

Well, there you are. Case closed.

(to Sam)

Driver, take us to Bellvue.

ANGELA

What about you? You walk through  
walls and appear from nowhere?

(X)

OBSERVER

(annoyed)

That's because I'm from the future.

(X)

ANGELA

And I'm crazy?

(X)

[SFX]

(to Angela)

Wait, you're not joking about  
being an angel?

(X)

ANGELA

Yes, I already told you when I  
said my name.

SAM

(catching on)

Angela...is 'Angel' in Spanish.

ANGELA

I was born Angelita... 'little  
angel.'

(strikes a pose)

But as you can see, I've grown up.

OBSERVER

Guess they serve 'em plenty of  
sweets in heaven.

ANGELA

You'll never get there to know.

OBSERVER

Oh, yeah. Why not?

ANGELA

(re: Al's jacket)

There's a dress code.

OBSERVER

(makes a fist)

If I weren't a gentleman and a  
hologram....

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED (3)

24

(to Angela)  
Could you excuse us for a moment?

ANGELA  
Sure. I'll be chit-chatting with  
the cabbies.

Angela crosses the alley to the office. Sam smiles,  
entertaining the possibility that she's telling the truth.  
Al reads his bemused expression.

(X)

OBSERVER  
Aww, c'mon, Sam. You don't really  
believe she's an angel?!

SAM  
I don't know. I mean, I ran her  
over and she lived.

OBSERVER  
Let me take a shot and see how she  
does.

SAM  
Al! Look, whatever she is, she  
needs help.

OBSERVER  
No sh...inola. But you're not  
here for her. You're here for  
Max.

He points over Sam's shoulder and wa....

25 RACK FOCUS - MIRROR SHOT

25

The youthful face of Max Greenman looks back in a scratched (X)  
mirror above a dirty mechanic's sink.

SAM'S VOICE  
Something's going to happen to  
him?

26 BACK TO SAM

26

He turns back to Al.

OBSERVER  
No, to you if you don't stop it.  
(reads handlink)  
On May 11, 1958....

CONTINUED



26 CONTINUED

26

SAM  
Tomorrow night?

OBSERVER  
(nods)  
He was shot in a robbery.

SAM  
And died?

OBSERVER  
If only he'd have been so lucky.  
(off Sam's look)  
He got it in the head and was  
left comatose for the rest of his  
life.

(X)

SAM  
All that for pocket money.

OBSERVER  
His whole life was riding on that  
fifty bucks.  
(off Sam's look)  
Max was just a few bucks short of  
getting his own medallion.

SAM  
(confused)  
What medallion?

OBSERVER  
Right there.

27 FEATURE - A TAXI CAB MEDALLION

27

bolted on the hood in front of them.

OBSERVER'S VOICE  
All the cabs in New York have 'em  
bolted to the hood. There's a  
limited number, so they cost big  
bucks.  
(reads handlink)  
In fifty-eight, they're going for  
twenty thousand bucks.

28 BACK ON SAM AND AL

28

Sam looks back to Al.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

OBSERVER

Frank, the company's owner, set up a contest last May 11th. He promised he'd give a medallion away to the first cabbie who made fifteen thousand for the company in the year.

(X)

SAM

That's a good price.

OBSERVER

Yeah, but almost impossible to make on their salaries. They get to keep all their tips, but they gotta split fares fifty-fifty with the company.

SAM

So he had to gross thirty thousand to make fifteen for the company and fifteen for himself.

(X)

OBSERVER

A lot of money in fifty-eight. But he did it working double shifts, weekends, holidays.

SAM

(totals waybill)  
I grossed fifty today.

OBSERVER

(checks handlink)  
That means he's totaled over fourteen thousand, seventy-six dollars for the company. You only need to make another fifty bucks to pass the fifteen thousand dollar mark by tomorrow night.

(X)

SAM

(considering)  
But...if I don't want to get shot, I can't drive tomorrow night.

OBSERVER

If you want to get him the medallion, you have to. Frank's offer expires at midnight.

(X)

ANGELA'S VOICE

Yoo-hoo.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED (2)

28

OBSERVER  
(points at Angela)  
But first you've got to get rid of  
Chita Rivera.

29 FEATURE ANGELA AND LENNY

29

They come up to Sam and Al.

ANGELA  
You're never gonna guess who  
invited me to dinner.

Lenny smiles at Sam. Sam gives him a fake smile. Al shakes  
his head, as we....

CUT TO

30 EXT. GREENMAN'S APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

30 (X)

A lamp glows on the bottom floor of a small apartment in  
Brooklyn.

LENNY'S VOICE  
You sure we can't get you to eat  
anything?

CUT TO

31 INT. GREENMAN'S APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

31 (X)

Sam and Lenny sit at the dinner table with Angela. The  
apartment is cozy, with signs of a woman's touch. Pictures  
adorn an upright piano in the corner of the apartment.  
Angela watches Sam and Lenny finish eating ice cream and (X)  
chocolate syrup. Sam sips his milk.

LENNY  
I feel bad having you just watch  
us.

ANGELA  
Oh, no. Thank you, but I can't.

LENNY  
What, are you on some kind an  
'air' diet or something?

ANGELA  
Oh, no. I don't eat.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

LENNY

Why not?

ANGELA

(smiles)

I'm an angel.

Sam almost spits out his milk. Lenny laughs and pinches Angela's cheek.

LENNY

You sure are.

Angela smiles, charmed. Before Sam can get his breath again, Lenny slaps him on the back.

LENNY

Isn't she, Max?

SAM

(coughs)

Oh, yeah. She sure is, Dad...Pop!

LENNY

So where'd you two meet?

SAM

Well, uh....

ANGELA

Max ran over me on Thirty-fourth Street.

LENNY

(dies laughing)

He did?

ANGELA

Yes. That's some way to meet a lady, no?

LENNY

No.

(slaps Sam's back)

Max, you're supposed to pick 'em up, not run 'em down.

Lenny raises his wine glass.

LENNY

Hey, how 'bout a toast?

He looks at Sam, who awkwardly raises his milk glass. Angela raises an imaginary glass.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED (2)

31

LENNY  
(looks at Angela)  
First, here's to new friends.  
(looks at Sam)  
And then, here's to my first and  
only son...who's gonna be his own  
man tomorrow night. Cheers.

SAM  
(worried)  
Cheers.

ANGELA  
Salud.

Lenny drinks from his wine glass. Angela sips from her  
imaginary glass. Sam drains his milk, then looks around the  
table. After an uncomfortable silence, he gestures to the  
dirty dishes and stands.

SAM  
Well, shall we?

LENNY  
They're all yours, kid.

Lenny smiles for Sam to do his chores. Sam fakes a smile  
and collects the desert dishes, then enters the kitchen. (X)

32 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN

32 (X)

Sam sets the dishes on the counter, then removes a plate  
from the soapy water. He dries the dish, then holds it up,  
reflecting Max's image. (X)

OBSERVER'S VOICE  
That dish is so clean....

33 PAN AROUND TO REVEAL AL

33

standing near Sam, who almost drops the dish.

OBSERVER  
...you can't even see yourself!

Al laughs, but Sam just keeps drying the dish.

OBSERVER  
What are you doing there?

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

SAM

Chores.

(drying another  
dish)

Dig anything up on Angela yet?

OBSERVER

Ziggy's still coming up blank.  
It's like she never even existed.

■ ■ ■

Never existed?

OBSERVER

That doesn't mean she's an angel,  
Sam.

■ ■ ■

Who knows?

OBSERVER

Well, if she is, she really blew  
it the first time by letting Max  
get shot.

SAM

I was thinking about that. Maybe  
I leaped here to correct her  
mistake.

OBSERVER

If that's true, then there's a  
whole flock of guardian angels out  
there slacking off on the job.  
And your leaps are to put right  
what they let go wrong.

Sam smiles, liking the idea of this.

SAM

Yeah.

OBSERVER

Kinda like God's clean up crew?

Sam and Al laugh together. After a moment, Al looks  
concerned at Sam.

OBSERVER

But you're not really serious  
about this angel thing, are you?

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED (2)

33

SAM  
(shrugs)  
It's fun to think about.

OBSERVER  
Start thinking about tomorrow  
night! Have you figured out how  
to avoid getting shot?

SAM  
Well, I have an advantage over  
Max.  
(off Al's look)  
He didn't know he was going to get  
robbed, right?

(X)

OBSERVER  
Right. It happens at  
eleven-thirty-two.

SAM  
Where?

OBSERVER  
Off Forty-third and Broadway.

SAM  
Then it's simple. I'll just stay  
away from Forty-third and Broadway  
at eleven thirty-two.

34 ANGLE ON LENNY

34

He enters behind an unsuspecting Sam.

35 LENNY'S POV - SAM

35

appears to be talking to thin air.

■ ■ ■  
And besides, I'll be okay. I've  
got two guardian angels looking  
out for me.

36 BACK ON LENNY

36

He laughs and startles Sam. Lenny whistles and crosses to  
the refrigerator.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

LENNY  
Either I've had too much Chablis  
or you're talking to thin air.

SAM  
I was just...talking to thin air.

LENNY  
(laughs)  
Good, then I can have another  
drink.

OBSERVER  
I'll keep searching for anything  
we can find on Angela.

37 AL - SFX

37

He punches the handlink and steps into the Imaging door,  
which closes around him. Sam watches Lenny whistling as he  
pours the wine into his glass.

SAM  
You're in a good mood.

LENNY  
(covering)  
What? No, I'm not.

SAM  
Then why the whistle?

Lenny takes a sip of wine, then looks at Sam for a beat.

LENNY  
First time I've heard a woman's  
laugh in here in over three years.  
(beat)  
Kinda like the sound of it.

Lenny takes another sip then smiles. The opening cords of  
Gershwin's "Someone To Watch Over Me" play on the piano in  
the living room. Lenny's smile slowly fades.

38 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON ANGELA'S HANDS

38

Her hands dance up the keyboards as she plays a haunting  
rendition of "Someone To Watch Over Me."



39      RACK FOCUS TO KITCHEN DOORWAY

39

Lenny stands in the doorway. He enters the room, followed by Sam. They move closer to Angela and listen to her play. Sam smiles, amazed by her talent. He glances over at Lenny. He appears transfixed by the song, which seems to bring on potent memories. Sam follows Lenny's gaze and sees a silver-framed photograph of Lenny's wife, Rose, is reverently placed on the piano.

40      FEATURE SAM

40

He glances at Lenny, who's lost in his bittersweet memories. As Angela finishes playing, she looks up at Lenny and smiles.

ANGELA

It's a beautiful song, si?

LENNY

Yes.

ANGELA

(taps sheet music)

I found this in bench. I thought you might like to hear it again.

LENNY

...Thank you.

Lenny's eyes cloud over. Embarrassed to show emotion, he walks out of the room into his bedroom. Sam realizes that Angela somehow knew how much this song meant to Lenny. (X)

SAM

You knew...that was their song?

Angela stares at Sam for a moment, then smiles.

SAM

How?

ANGELA

Before I came here, I was learned about you and your family. I know many things...like....

(nods toward  
bedroom)

...your father needs you now.

(X)

Sam studies Angela, sensing that she indeed has a deep intuitive power that he cannot understand.

41 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - ON PHOTOGRAPH

41 (X)

We see a framed photograph of Lenny and Rose at eighteen. Pull back to reveal that the photo is on a his desk. Next (X) to it is a photo of Lenny in his WWI uniform. Lenny, reflected in the mirror, sits on the edge of the bed. Tears cloud his eyes as he looks at the photograph. Max's reflection is seen entering the doorway. As he moves closer and reaches out his hand to touch Lenny on the shoulder, we pan over to reveal Sam. He looks down at Lenny, who's embarrassed to be seen crying in front of his son.

LENNY

Go away, Maxy.

(wiping his eyes)

I don't want you to see me like this.

SAM

It's okay.

Sam sits down in chair. He looks at Rose's photograph. (X)

SAM

She was beautiful.

LENNY

(remembering)

You have no idea, Maxy...No (X)  
idea....

(picking up photo)

She was eighteen when we took this. Atlantic City.

(lost in the memory)

I remember the first time I kissed her...it was like I was breathing in...life.

SAM

You miss her.

Lenny nods sadly and stares at the photograph. A silence hangs in the air. Lenny wipes his eyes and manages a smile.

LENNY

You're all I've got left, kid.

And we're going to show 'em.

(touches Sam's

shoulder)

I've waited forty-two years for tomorrow. You won't let me down.

Sam manages a smile, feeling the burden of his hopes and dreams. Lenny turns and picks up his wine glass. He takes a sip, then stares back at the photograph, drawn into the past. Sam respectfully stands.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

SAM

'Night.

LENNY

'Night, son.

Sam walks to the doorway, then looks back at Lenny, who sits on the edge of the bed, a sad, lonely figure.

42 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - ON ANGELA

42

She sits on the couch and reads the newspaper as Sam comes back in.

SAM

Well, it's getting kind of late.

ANGELA

That's right. Tomorrow's a big day for you.

Sam gives her a look, but decides not to ask what she means by this.

SAM

Is there any place I can take you?

ANGELA

I like it right here.

Angela pats the couch and smiles. Sam sees that she's not going anywhere.

SAM

You can stay here tonight. After tomorrow, we'll go to Social Services and get a permanent place for you to stay.

ANGELA

Hokey-okey.

SAM

(correcting)  
No, it's...okey-d....

(X)

(gives up)

Never mind. Good night.

ANGELA

'Night.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

Sam turns off a lamp and exits the room, as we....

DISSOLVE TO

43 INT. TAXI - DAY

43

Sam drives down Broadway with Angela in the back.

SAM

You sure you don't want to ride up  
here with me?

ANGELA

(the queen)

No, thank you. I like it back  
here.

(points excitedly  
out window)

Ah, look, 'West Side Story!' It's  
a great show for the Puerto Rican  
peoples. I got tickets front row  
center.

SAM

Really? How?

ANGELA

(nods heavenward)

I got connections.

Sam cuts her a glance.

OBSERVER'S VOICE

Sam!

44 NEW ANGLE TO INCLUDE AL

44

He looks spooked just being in the same area with Angela.

ANGELA

Just when we were having fun.

■ ■ ■

What's up?

OBSERVER

(unnerved)

Well, uh...we checked way, way  
back into the records. Seems  
there was a singer named  
'Angelita' who worked in Spanish  
Harlem in the twenties.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

ANGELA  
Of course.

OBSERVER  
There's only one problem....

SAM  
What's that?

OBSERVER  
She died in nineteen twenty-eight.

Sam and Al stare at Angela, who smiles.

ANGELA  
Oh, boy.

Off their reactions, we....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

45 INT. TAXI - DAY - CONTINUOUS

45

They drive down the street. Sam looks at Al in disbelief.

SAM

Al, she can't be...you know....

ANGELA

Dead?

OBSERVER

There must be a logical  
explanation for it.

ANGELA

Yeah. I'm an angel!

OBSERVER

If you're an angel, where's your  
halo?

ANGELA

You're a devil, but I don't see no  
horns!

SAM

She's right about that, Al.

OBSERVER

You don't look like one. Angels  
are supposed to be...lighter.

ANGELA

(shrugs)

I was stuck in limbo for a long  
time. I got hungry.Sam gives a look to Angela. She smiles, indicating that  
she's kidding them.

ANGELA

That's a little angel joke.

SAM

Aren't angels supposed to look  
like that guy in It's A Wonderful  
Life.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

ANGELA

(upset)

Clarence! Ugh, Madre de Dios.  
This guy has ruined this job for  
the rest of us. Whenever I show  
up, they wanna know where Clarence  
is!

OBSERVER

Well, at least it would be nice to  
have an angel like him. One who's  
kind and gentle and not so loud!

ANGELA

I'm not loud. I'm Puerto Rican!

OBSERVER

So, if you're an angel, where's  
heaven?

ANGELA

(looks out window)

It's right here, all around us.

OBSERVER

(sarcastic)

Gee, and I always thought this was  
Manhattan.

ANGELA

'The kingdom of the Father is  
spread upon the earth, but men do  
no see it.'

OBSERVER

(low to Sam)

Only crazy women.

SAM

(playing along)

How did you wind up being an  
angel?

ANGELA

I died!!

SAM

How?

ANGELA

Well, okay. I was known as 'the  
Puerto Rican Fanny Brice.' But I  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED (2)

45

ANGELA (Cont'd)  
got tired of playing the cuchi  
frito circuit. I wanted to go big  
time and be a mainstem artist.

SAM  
You mean 'mainstream' artist.

ANGELA  
That, too.  
(remembering)  
I got an audition for a big  
Broadway show. I was so excited.  
So there I was, singing my guts  
out. But when I went for my big  
note....  
(claps)  
Splat!

SAM  
What happened?

ANGELA  
I took a dove fifteen feet into  
the pits.

Sam glances back at Al, who's trying to keep from laughing.  
Angela sees him.

ANGELA  
Hey, it's no funny. See if I  
laugh when you die.

SAM  
So you became an angel?

ANGELA  
Hey, I didn't ask for this job.

It was assigned?

ANGELA  
Si. They said in life, I was too  
vain. I had too big an ego.

SAM  
You mean... 'ego.'

ANGELA  
Whatever it is, it was too big.  
(sighs)  
So I was sent here to learn to  
help other people.

CONTINUED



45 CONTINUED (3)

45

OBSERVER

(sotto)

You need help.

ANGELA

You better watch it, chico.

(nods heavenward)

I know the boss.

SAM

What are you here to protect me from?

ANGELA

(shrugs)

I don't know. I was not told.

OBSERVER

(victoriously)

You see! An angel would know the future?!

ANGELA

(rolls her eyes)

That's not the way it works, loco.

(to Sam)

I only know that something bad is going to happen to you sometime in the next day.

(X)

Sam is amazed she knows this. Al tries to cover his surprise.

SAM

How do you know that?

ANGELA

(sighs)

I'm your guardian angel!

OBSERVER

She must've eavesdropped on us!

SAM

What happens after you help me?

ANGELA

I move on to my next assignment.

(X)

SAM

(smiles)

I know the feeling.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED (4)

45

ANGELA  
And in this time, no one will  
remember I was ever there.

OBSERVER  
I only hope so.

Angela glares at Al.

OBSERVER  
So, what are you trying to do,  
earn your wings or something?

ANGELA  
Ugh, no. You no should believe  
what you see in the movies or TV.  
They're never like real life.

Al rolls his eyes.

SAM  
I don't know, Al. Maybe it's  
possible that....

OBSERVER  
If you wanna talk, I'll see you  
outside. Alone.

Al hits the handlink and pops out.

ANGELA  
Thank God. I thought he never go.

CUT TO

46 EXT. TAXI CAB - DAY

46

It turns right into an alley, revealing Al, as it passes by  
and parks. Sam gets out of the car. Angela gestures at the  
door.

ANGELA  
Aren't you going to open the....

SAM  
Stay inside!

ANGELA  
(offended)  
Well, excuse me.

47 MOVING WITH SAM AND AL

47

strolling down the alley. Sam smiles, actually liking the possibility that her story may be true.

SAM

Al, this is incredible.

OBSERVER

Don't tell me you're buying it?!!

Somehow, it all makes sense. Her old-fashioned clothes. Her intuition. Why she never eats.

OBSERVER

Believe me Sam, she eats.

SAM

Al, she survived that accident without a scratch!

OBSERVER

(outraged)

But Angels don't exist!

SAM

Twenty years ago, neither did holograms!

OBSERVER

That was low, Sam.

SAM

Sorry.

OBSERVER

You're a scientist. Think! There's got to be a logical explanation.

SAM

(seriously)

There's only one possibility.

OBSERVER

(brightens)

Yeah?

SAM

(smiles)

She's telling the truth.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

OBSERVER  
(temper rising)  
Then I was wrong. She isn't  
crazy. You are!

SAM  
How else would you explain it?

OBSERVER  
(flairs)  
Anything other than she's an  
angel!  
(angered)  
And if you think I'm going to  
listen to....

They suddenly become aware of the sound of Angela singing  
"Somewhere" from "West Side Story."

ANGELA'S VOICE  
'...There's a place for us.  
Somewhere a place for us. Peace  
and quiet and open air, wait for  
us somewhere....'

Sam and Al turn and see....

48 ANGELA

48

singing at the end of alley, silhouetted by sunlight. She  
has an angelic voice that echoes down the alley.

49 PAN ACROSS SAM AND AL'S FACES

49

They become silent and listen, mesmerized. The anger seems  
to disappear from Al's expression.

ANGELA  
'...Somehow. Someday.  
Somewhere....'

The last note echoes and fades away. After a moment, Al  
humbly turns back to Sam.

OBSERVER  
She may sing like an angel.  
(beat)  
That doesn't mean she is one.

SAM  
Either way, we've got to find a  
place for her to stay.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

49

OBSERVER

(nods)

Okay. But first, you make it  
through tonight and get Max that  
medallion. We'll take care of her  
tomorrow.

Sam looks at Al and nods, as we....

DISSOLVE TO

50 MONTAGE - MOS

50

A) Sam flips down the old-fashioned Rockwell flag drop meter  
as he takes his first fare. Angela sits excitedly in the  
front seat.

B) Sam collects a large tip from another fare.

C) Sam totals "fifteen dollars" on his trip sheet. (X)

D) Sam slips another five into his wallet. He writes down  
twenty dollars.

E) Sam tips his cap as an attractive socialite gives him a  
five-dollar tip. Angela rolls her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO

51 EXT. MANHATTAN - 5TH AVENUE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

51

The cab cruises down the elegant boulevard. (X)

SAM'S VOICE

I glad you don't mind sharing a  
cab.

52 INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

52

Sam drives a father and his twelve-year-old son. Angela  
sits up front with Sam.

FATHER

No problem.

(points ahead)

It's just right up ahead here on  
Fifth Avenue.

ANGELA

This street's changed a lot in  
thirty years.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

The father gives her a look. Sam quickly covers for Angela.

SAM  
So, where are you going to?

FATHER  
Broker's meeting. New York  
Realtors.

SAM  
(impressed)  
There's going to be a lot of money  
made in real estate in the future.

SON  
(curious)  
Really? Where?

Sam slows the cab at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 56th Street. Sam glances across the street and realizes that he's parked across from the future Trump Tower.

SAM  
There'll be taller buildings  
everywhere around here.  
(points across  
street)  
Probably even a big glass Tower  
right next to Tiffany's.

(X)

A young real estate executive approaches the car. The father hands Sam a five dollar bill, then starts to get out but notices his son still gazing across the street.

FATHER  
C'mon, Donald.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE  
(to Father)  
Hello, Mr. Trump.

SAM  
(looking back)  
Trump?

SON  
(smiles)  
See ya.

The boy gets out, leaving Sam in amazement.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED (2)

52

ANGELA'S VOICE  
(counting)  
...twenty...twenty-five...  
thirty....

CUT TO

53 INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT - CLOSE ON MONEY

53

As it's being counted, we pan up to see Angela counting  
Sam's money.

ANGELA  
...thirty-five, thirty-six,  
thirty-seven, thirty-eight,  
thirty-nine, forty!

She slips the money back into a wallet and hands it to Sam.  
He slips it in his back pocket.

SAM  
Not counting tips, I'm ten dollars  
away from making the fifty  
dollars. I can make that in....  
(checks watch)  
...the next two and a half hours.

(X)

OBSERVER'S VOICE  
Sam!

54 NEW ANGLE TO INCLUDE AL

54

He's in the back.

ANGELA  
Ugh. Look what the pig dragged  
in.

SAM  
It's 'cat.'

ANGELA  
You never lived in Puerto Rico.

OBSERVER  
Save the insults. We got trouble,  
Sam. The robbery's going to  
happen any minute.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

SAM  
(glancing at watch)  
But it's only nine-thirty-two.  
You said it didn't happen until  
eleven-thirty-two.

OBSERVER  
We didn't calculate east coast  
time.  
(embarrassed)  
You're two hours ahead.

Sam stares at Al, amazed that he could screw up this badly.

SAM  
But we're still nowhere near  
Forty-third and Broadway.

OBSERVER  
(nods at car)  
Then maybe they came looking for  
you.

55 FEATURE A PASSING CAR

55

It kills its headlights as it passes. It slowly turns  
around and comes back at them.

56 BACK TO SCENE

56

Al looks at Sam.

OBSERVER  
They're turning around.  
(works handlink)  
Cut down that alley right there!

ANGELA  
It's a deadend.

OBSERVER  
Don't listen to her, Sam. If  
she's an angel, she screwed up and  
let Max get shot in the original  
history.

ANGELA  
(a look)  
Original history? And you say I'm  
crazy!

CONTINUED



56 CONTINUED

56

OBSERVER  
(ignoring her)  
Trust me, Sam. Turn right.

ANGELA  
It's a deadend!

Sam looks between Al and Angela, wondering who to trust.

OBSERVER  
Sam!  
Sam takes Al's advice and turns right into the alley.

57 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

57

Sam turns down the alley and slows in front of a graffitied wall at a deadend. They're trapped.

58 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

58

Sam turns to Al, who bangs the handlink.

ANGELA  
It's no called a deadend for nothing.

Sam reaches into his pocket and pulls out the wallet, handing it to Angela.

SAM  
Take this.

OBSERVER  
Sam, what are you doing? That's for Max's medallion.

SAM  
(points to a dumpster)  
Go hide over there. And don't come out.

ANGELA  
They can't hurt me.

OBSERVER  
We will! Now get out!

ANGELA  
Pushy, pushy.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

58

Sam reaches back through the open window and opens the door for her. Angela gets out and scurries behind the dumpster.

OBSERVER

Here they come.

59 ANGLE ON THE CAR

59

It slowly passes by and we see that it's filled with a group of rowdy teenagers. They lob water balloons at the taxi, then laugh and drive off. Sam laughs, relieved.

OBSERVER

(shrugs)

I guess that wasn't it.

60 A CHROME .38 PISTOL

60

with a pearl handle enters through the window aimed at Sam. (X) Sam follows the trembling barrel and sees a mugger. The man wears a black watch cap and a bandana over his face. He shakes nervously holding the gun on Sam.

MUGGER

(voice quivering)

Turn the engine off and get out of the car.

He backs away from the car.

OBSERVER

Be careful, Sam. This clown's more nervous than you are.

61 INT. TAXI - ON SAM

61

as he steps out of the cab and stares at the pearl-handled (X) chrome revolver.

MUGGER

...now raise your hands and turn around.

Sam does, being too far away to fight back.

MUGGER

Put all your money on the hood, then step away from the cab.

Sam removes some pocket change and lays it on the hood.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

SAM  
This is all I've got.

MUGGER  
Where's the rest? I know you've  
got more.

The mugger raises his trembling gun at the back of Sam's head.

OBSERVER  
(panics)  
Sam!

MUGGER  
Gimme the rest of it now!

ANGELA'S VOICE  
It's right here.

62 FEATURE ANGELA

62

'She steps out from behind the dumpster and holds up the wallet. The mugger spins around and sees her coming.

MUGGER  
Lay it down on the hood.

As Angela approaches, the mugger steps back, frightened.

SAM  
(soothing)  
Angela...lay down the wallet.

ANGELA  
Don't worry, Max. He can no hurt  
me.

MUGGER  
Stop. Hey!

The mugger turns the gun on Angela advances toward him. (X)

SAM  
Angela!

Before Sam can do anything, the mugger panics and pulls the trigger. The gun explodes.

63     FEATURE ANGELA

63

She's spins away in a blur and goes down. The wallet drops on the ground. Sam tries to rush the mugger, who quickly turns the gun back on him. Sam retreats a step. The mugger grabs the wallet and takes off, disappearing down the alley. Sam rushes up to Angela and cradles her lifeless body. He looks up at Al, as we....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

64 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - CLOSE ON ANGELA - CONTINUOUS

64

Sam holds Angela in his arms.

SAM  
Angela?

OBSERVER  
Where's she hit?

As Sam frantically touches Angela's body and looks for a wound, she starts giggling. Sam and Al freeze. She opens her eyes and looks up at them.

OBSERVER  
What the hell?!

SAM  
Are you okay?

ANGELA  
(laughing)  
Yes, if you stop tickling me.

She sits up. Sam can't believe what he's seeing. He helps her stand.

SAM  
(spooked)  
I...I saw you get shot!

ANGELA  
They can't kill you when you're  
already dead.

SAM  
(examining her coat)  
Al...the bullet went through here  
and out the back.

Sam reveals a bullet hole near her heart in the coat. Al studies the hole, then shakes his head.

OBSERVER  
But it didn't go through her.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

OBSERVER (Cont'd)

(beat)

She was spinning when he shot at her. Her arms were open, so the jacket flew out like this. The bullet must've gone through here, just under her arm, and out the back. It never touched her.

Sam considers Al's theory, which could be plausible.

ANGELA

(to Al)

You no know a miracle when you see one.

SAM

All that matters is you didn't get hurt.

OBSERVER

(reads handlink)

And you changed history. Max didn't get shot.

SAM

He doesn't get his medallion either.

OBSERVER

Then that's what you must still be here to do.

65 CLOSE ON SAM'S FACE

65

He looks resolved to help Max, as we hear....

FRANK'S VOICE

Oh, man. Are you're kidding me?

(X)

66 INT. O'CONNOR CAB COMPANY - NIGHT - PULL BACK TO  
REVEAL - FRANK'S OFFICE

66 (X)

We realize that Sam is already in Frank's office. Frank (X)  
shakes Sam's hand and gestures for him to take a seat in the  
dimly lit room. Frank reveals Al as he walks past and sits  
in his chair.

SAM

...and then he took all my money.

CONTINUED

FRANK

That's terrible. But at least  
you're still alive, right?

SAM

(nods)

And I still want that medallion.  
I would've had enough money to  
make it tonight. That's why I  
came by to ask you for a day's  
extension on the deadline.

FRANK

Look, Max, I'm not going to B.S.  
you or anything. I'm glad I  
didn't have to give that medallion  
away. I can broker it for twenty  
G's on the street tomorrow.

(beat)

The only thing I'm sorry about is  
seeing you lose it this way.

OBSERVER

I'll bet you are.

(to Sam)

Mention something about company  
loyalty. Lenny started working  
here for Frank's father over  
forty-two years ago.

SAM

You know Lenny started with your  
father over forty-two years ago.

Frank bristles at the mention of his father's name.

FRANK

What's my father got to do with  
this?

OBSERVER

Ooo, touchy. Bad idea.

SAM

(a look to Al)

Nothing...I'm just saying that I  
think the time Lenny and I have  
put into this company deserves  
some consideration.

CONTINUED

FRANK

(annoyed)

What more do you want? I let him  
hang out here and waste his  
retirement years.

SAM

(defensive)

He misses his friends.

FRANK

(shrugs)

A man should know when it's time  
to move on.

SAM

Unless he's forced to 'move on'  
before his time.

FRANK

Look, it's a sad fact of life.  
But it was Lenny's time to retire.

SAM

That's your opinion, not his.

FRANK

I'm the boss.

SAM

Thanks to your father.

OBSERVER

(worried)

Sam.

Frank's temper flairs hearing his father mentioned again.

FRANK

My father may have started this  
business but I run it! I'm  
carrying on my family's tradition.  
Just like you did tonight by  
losing out.

SAM

(tenses)

Lenny's not a loser.

CONTINUED



66 CONTINUED (3)

66

FRANK

No, just a big talker. He'll never accept that the two a'youse was always meant to work for someone else.

(smiles)

I know it's a hard fact to live with.

SAM

How would you know? You've had your whole life handed to you.

OBSERVER

Ooh. Slam dunk, Sam!

Frank boils with anger, then gives him a wicked little smile.

FRANK

Good-bye, Max.

(nods to door)

It was nice working with you.

SAM

I wish I could say the same.

Hold on Sam as, we hear.....

LENNY'S VOICE

I'm so proud of you.

CUT TO

67 INT. GREENMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

A banner reads "GREENMAN CAB COMPANY." Sam enters the apartment, followed by Angela. Al stands over Lenny's shoulder. A cake and champagne are set up on the table.

LENNY

(to Angela)

That's my boy, eh?

Angela doesn't respond. Lenny walks up and hugs Sam. After a beat, he senses that something is wrong.

LENNY

Max?

SAM

I didn't make it.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

67

Lenny looks at Sam then to Angela.

LENNY  
(devastated)  
But...how could you miss? You  
only needed fifty bucks more.  
You were....

SAM  
Robbed. All my money was taken.

LENNY  
(desperate)  
Well...you'll have to talk to  
Frank. You worked so hard. He'll  
have to understand.

After a tense moment....

SAM  
He fired me.

Lenny nods lost and broken. He pats Sam's shoulder then  
walks back to his bedroom. Sam looks curiously at Angela  
and Al.

68 INT. LENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON DESK

68

Lenny's hand opens a drawer and pulls out a manilla file,  
revealing a vintage WWI Luger. As the gun is pulled out,  
we tilt up to Lenny. He removes a box of ammo and slaps a  
clip into the Luger. Lenny then digs into another file and  
finds a document. He studies it for a moment, then sets it  
down on the desk and exits.

69 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

69

Sam, Angela and Al survey the cake and champagne laid out  
for his ruined party.

ANGELA  
(sadly)  
Que lastima.

Sam hears the faint sound of a front door click.

SAM  
(sotto)  
Lenny?  
(louder)  
Pop?

70 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON INSURANCE POLICY

70 (X)

It sits on the dresser.

(X)

SAM'S VOICE

Pop?

We rack focus to Sam entering the bedroom. He sees the open box of ammo on the desk. Sam moves closer and focuses on the insurance policy.

OBSERVER'S VOICE

What is it?

Sam turns to see Angela and Al looking at him.

III

Lenny's insurance policy. And this....

Sam holds up the box of ammo.

ANGELA

Madre de dios. He's going to kill himself.

OBSERVER

I don't think so, Sam.

ANGELA

I handled these plenty of times before. He's doing it so you can have the money.

(X)

OBSERVER

But he's got to know there's a suicide clause in there. Max wouldn't get a dime.

SAM

Where did he go?

OBSERVER

(working handlink)

I'm working on it.

SAM

C'mon, Al.

IIIIII

(nods at Angela)

Hey, ask her! She's the one that knows everything!

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

ANGELA  
(re: Sam)  
I'm his guardian angel. Not  
Lenny's.

OBSERVER  
I've got nada.

ANGELA  
(rolls her eyes)  
What else is new?

OBSERVER  
(snaps back)  
If you're an angel, how come your  
heavenly guidance system can't  
find him.

ANGELA  
If you're from the future, how  
come you can't remember where he  
went?

Al, frustrated, smacks the handlink and goes with his gut  
reaction.

OBSERVER  
I don't need this thing, cause I  
know where he's going.

ANGELA  
Yeah, to kill himself.

OBSERVER  
No, to kill Frank. If he doesn't  
give up that medallion!

(X)

ANGELA  
It's a suicide. I seen this too  
many times before. They always  
do it by the docks and fall in the  
East River. That way the gun gets  
lost in the water and it looks  
like a murder.

(X)

Sam doesn't know who to believe.

OBSERVER  
Sam, who are gonna listen to after  
all these years?

After a tense beat, Sam decides to go with his old standby.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED (2)

70

SAM  
Okay. Let's go.

Al sticks out his tongue at Angela, who rolls her eyes in disgust.

CUT TO

71 EXT. O'CONNOR TAXI GARAGE - NIGHT - ANGLE ON CAR

71

As its drives out, we see Frank at the wheel. He suddenly (X)  
slams on the brakes and looks straight at us. A gun  
suddenly enters frame, pointing at Frank's head. Lenny is  
seen entering frame and walking to the side of the car. He  
holds the gun on Frank.

72 INT. O'CONNOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT - MOVING

72

Lenny holds the gun on Frank as they walk past the dispatch (X)  
cage. Elizabeth sees Lenny before she sees the gun.

ELIZABETH  
Hi, Lenny.

LENNY  
Hey there, darling.

As they pass, she sees the gun and freezes. Lenny escorts (X)  
Frank into the office. After a tense beat, she picks up  
the phone and dials the police. The sound of a police siren  
wails, as we....

CUT TO

73 EXT. O'CONNOR CAB COMPANY - NIGHT - CLOSE ON SAM

73

As flashing red lights reflect on his face. We widen to (X)  
reveal a police car that skids into the alley outside the  
cab company. Sam and Angela move forward to find Al looking  
in the garage.

OBSERVER  
(to Angela)  
Told you I was right.

ANGELA  
(shrugs)  
There's always a first.

Sam moves behind the police car and passes Tony.

CONTINUED

TONY  
It's Lenny. He's gonna kill  
Frank.  
(tortured)  
And it's all my fault.

Tony turns and looks spooked seeing Angela. Sam catches this reaction, but before he can question Tony, he overhears a Sgt. McCann update another New York cop.

SGT. MC CANN  
...we can move into position  
around the alley window.

SAM  
No.

SGT. MC CANN  
(turns)  
Who are you?

SAM  
His son. I can talk him out of  
this.

Sgt. McCann studies Sam for a beat.

FRANK'S VOICE  
Even if I give him the  
medallion....

CUT TO

Lenny holds the gun on Frank, who cowers sitting in his chair. Al stands near the window.

FRANK  
They're going to lock you away.

LENNY  
(shrugs)  
You think I care anymore?

A knock on the door startles Lenny. The gun jolts in his hand. Frank panics.

SAM'S VOICE  
Pop!

LENNY  
Go away, Max!

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

OBSERVER  
He's got the gun on Frank.

SAM'S VOICE  
I'm coming in.

LENNY  
You listen to me, boy!

SAM'S VOICE  
So you can get yourself killed?

Lenny looks ashamed. The door slowly opens.

75 FEATURE FRANK

75

As Lenny and Al watch Sam enter, Frank quietly reaches out a finger and opens a desk drawer. We see the white pearl handle of a chrome .38 revolver sitting in the drawer. He freezes when Lenny looks back at him.

FRANK  
(covering)  
Get your dad outta here, Max.  
He's acting crazy.

OBSERVER  
Easy. Sam.

SAM  
What are you doing?

LENNY  
Just getting what's owed you.

SAM  
And for that, you'd give up your  
life?

LENNY  
(resigned)  
It's over anyway.

SAM  
(to Lenny)  
No, it's not!

LENNY  
Yes...yes it is. Rose...my  
job...I've got nothing left.

SAM  
You've got me.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

LENNY

(desperate)

You're who I'm doing this for.  
Now get out of here, Max!

(near tears)

You listen to your father and go  
away. You hear me?

SAM

But I need you!

LENNY

For what?

SAM

To be my partner.

LENNY

(confused)

No one's gonna hire me now. Not  
after this.

SAM

I will.

LENNY

(confused)

But...you lost the money.

SAM

I know how to get the medallion!  
But you have to trust me...and  
give me the gun.

76 CLOSE ON SAM AND LENNY

76

Lenny stares at Sam. It's a mystical, quantum moment, as  
Lenny somehow senses that Sam is telling the truth. After  
a tense beat, Lenny slowly hands over the gun.

77 FEATURE FRANK

77 (X)

In that moment, he panics and pulls open the drawer. Al  
sees the gun as Frank grabs for it.

(X)

OBSERVER

Sam, he's got a gun!

Sam tackles Lenny as Frank fires. The bullet explodes  
overhead and shatters a window.

(X)



#67324

63  
(X)

78  
thru  
80

OMITTED

78  
thru  
80

80A NEW ANGLE - SAM AND LENNY

80A

hit the floor. Sam shields Lenny on the ground as the gun falls and skitters under the desk. Frank raises the revolver over the edge of the desk to shoot.

OBSERVER

Sam, over the desk!

As Frank is about to fire, Sam stomps the desk, blasting it forward. Just as Frank pulls the trigger, he's cut down by the desk and slammed back into the wall. The gun explodes, hitting plaster overhead. Frank's head slams the wall and he slides to the ground.

OBSERVER

(impressed)

That'll work.

Sam bolts up and comes around, grabbing Frank's gun off the ground. Sgt. McCann and another officer burst into the office with their revolvers aimed at Sam, who remains frozen.

SGT. MC CANN

Set it down....

OBSERVER

Slowly.

80B CLOSE ON A HAND

80B

As the hand hands over the chrome pearl-handle gun we...Pull back to reveal....

80C INT. O'CONNOR CAB COMPANY - NIGHT

80C

The white gun is given to another officer and tagged as evidence.

FRANK'S VOICE

...and I guess they got mad 'cause they didn't get the medallion. But it wasn't my fault he got robbed.

80D WIDER TO REVEAL

80D

Frank talks to Sgt. McCann, as Sam, Al and Angela stand nearby. Tony, Lucky, Moe, Elizabeth, and a few bystanders watch in the b.g. Lenny sits handcuffed in the back of a patrol car.

OBSERVER/ANGELA

This guy's a liar.

They both look surprised that they agree on something. Miracles happen.

FRANK

I mean, how do I know he didn't take the money himself?

SAM

Because you took it.

FRANK

I was workin' here the whole time.

SAM

(nods)

I know. So you sent somebody else.

(turns to Tony)

Didn't he?

TONY

(unnerved)

What?

SAM

You said this was all your fault. You robbed me and thought you shot her.

(nods at Angela)

That why you went white when you saw her alive.

ANGELA

Yeah, I'm not a ghost. I'm an angel.

Tony, freaked, stares at Sam for an incriminating moment. All the other cabbies stare at him.

FRANK

Whatever he did, I don't know nothing about.

CONTINUED

80D CONTINUED

80D

SAM

But he used your gun.  
(nods at gun)  
A chrome .38 with a pearl handle.  
(to police)  
It was the same one used in the robbery.

FRANK

You're a liar.

SGT. MC CANN

(suspicious)

Why don't we go sit down and talk about it.

The Sergeant and another officer escort Frank and Tony back into the office. Sam looks over at Lenny, who smiles, impressed that Sam has nailed Frank. Sam gives him the thumbs up, then turns to Al and whispers.

SAM

What happens to Lenny?

OBSERVER

(reads handlink)

He gets probation after the D.A. charges Frank as an accessory to the robbery.

SAM

Frank goes to prison?

OBSERVER

Nope. Gets probation too.

(brightens)

Only after he plea bargains and the judge forces him to surrender the medallion to Max.

Sam and Al approach Lenny in the police car.

LENNY

(ashamed)

I'm sorry, Maxy.

OBSERVER

Max and Lenny start 'Greenman And Son' Cab Company. It never grows bigger than one cab, but that's all they ever wanted.

CONTINUED

80D CONTINUED (2)

80D

SAM

Don't worry. Somehow it'll all  
work out.

Lenny manages a smile, sensing that Sam is right. Sam  
smiles, then moves off with Al. He suddenly notices that  
Angela has disappeared.

SAM

Where's Angela?

OBSERVER

(looking around)

She must've gone around that  
corner.

They stride down the alley and turn a corner.

SAM'S VOICE

Angela?

81 FEATURE ANGELA

81

She turns as Sam and Al catch up to her.

SAM

Angela. Where are you going?

OBSERVER

Yeah. You really didn't think we  
believed that part about us not  
knowing you were ever here?

ANGELA

Not you. Just people this time.

Angela looks at Sam, sorry to say good-bye.

ANGELA

You'll forget me now.

(smiles)

But I'll always remember you, Sam.

SAM

(disbelief)

Sam?

ANGELA

Who do you think I was really sent  
here to look after?

She kisses Sam on the cheek, then turns and starts to walk  
off.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

OBSERVER  
You're not going to just let her  
walk away, are you?

SAM  
(dazed)  
Who?

(X)

OBSERVER  
Angela!

Al points at Angela, who stops and looks back at them. Sam  
smiles at her, then whispers to Al.

SAM  
Should I know her?

OBSERVER  
Sam, quit fooling around. You  
know who I'm talking about. You  
know Angela!  
(sarcastic)  
The 'Angel!'

SAM  
Aw, c'mon, Al. You know there's  
no such thing as Angels.

Al freezes, realizing that Sam's not joking.

82 FEATURE ANGELA

82

A smile comes across her face as she turns and walks away  
into the night.

83 ON SAM AND AL

83

Al looks at Angela, amazed, then back to Sam, who's  
enveloped in an aura of light and....

QUANTUM LEAPS

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR